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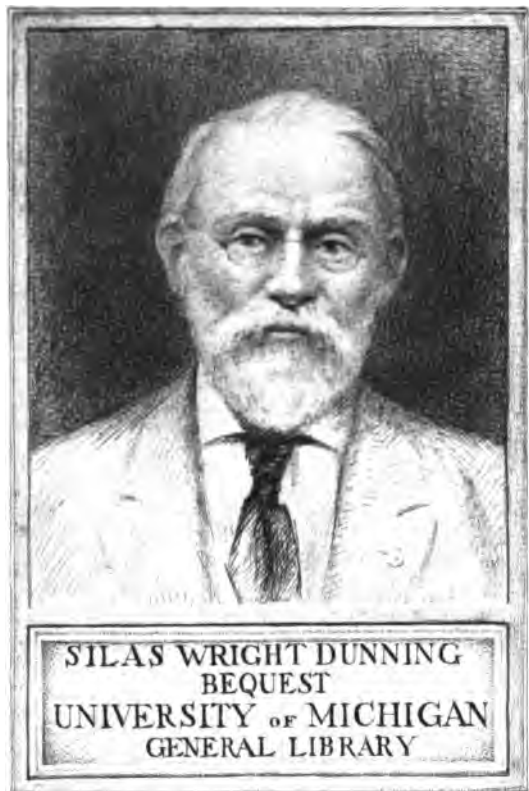
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THE
ORATION,
Anthems and Poems,

Spoken and Sung at the
PERFORMANCE
OF

Divine Musick.

For the Entertainment of the
Lords Spiritual & Temporal,
And the Honourable
House of Commons.

At Stationers-Hall, January the 31st 1701.

Undertaken by *CAVENDISH WEEDON, Esq;*

L O N D O N :

Printed for *Henry Playford* in *Temple Church* in *Fleet-street*, and are to be
Sold by *John Nutt* near *Stationers-Hall*, MDCII. 222.1702

Dunning
Elias
1722
1727

TO THE

Right Reverend, and Right Honourable,

THE

Lords Spiritual & Temporal,

And the Honorable

HOUSE of COMMONS.

After your Generous Concurrence with his Majesty in his Other Great Designs and Endeavours for Publick Welfare; there can be no Doubt of your Assistance in That which will Crown all the Rest, his Extraordinary Zeal for the Promoting of Religion and Piety.

You will therefore vouchsafe your Patronage to all such Methods as may contribute to so Glorious a Design.

Amongst which there is None more Likely to have a Good Effect, than Performances of Divine Musick; by which the Minds of People are sweetly surpris'd into Pious Ardour, and Charm'd into Devotion by Delight.

A 2

That

The Epistle Dedicatory.

That Composures of Musick on Divine Subjects are capable of being the most Sublime and Entertaining, appear'd by our late Performance; The Reputation whereof was One Occasion of this most Noble and Honourable Appearance.

But it must be Acknowledg'd that the Greatest Inducement is to Encourage so Religious an Undertaking, design'd both for the Honour of Almighty God and Charity to Men: Your Beneficence being for the Relief of Poor decay'd Gentlemen; and for Erecting a School for Educating of Youths in Religion, Musick and Accounts; The best means of rendring them Serviceable to their Country.

And to see the Benevolences effectually apply'd to those Charitable Ends and Useful Purposes, shall be the Personal Care of

Your Honours

Most Obedient Humble Servant,

CAVENDISH WEEDON.

The

The Introductory
P O E M
 U P O N
MUSICK.

Written by Mr. TATE, Poet-Laureat to His MAJESTY.

Vouchsafe a Suppliant Envoy to Admit,
 From MUSICK ; You, who Musick's Judges fit.
 Before this Awful Court the Conscious Dame
 Fear'd to Appear, till first her Herald came ;
 Who, with her Guilt, her Grief might Represent,
 And, with th' Offender, shew the Penitent.

Per-

Perhaps your gen'rous Patience 'twill Requite,
 While Her surprizing Story I recite ;
 A Scene of Wonder, Terror, and Delight.

This Female PRODIGAL (of Heav'nly Birth)
 Was Consecrated first to Sacred Mirth ;
 And, Only to the Altar's Service bound,
 Anthems and Hallelujah's did resound.
 There to Celestial Layes her Harp she Strung,
 Liv'd like an Angel--Like an Angel Sung !
 Devotion then did Harmony Inspire,
 And Harmony Sublim'd Devotion's Fire.

In This blest State the Glorious Dam'sel shin'd,
 Till Youthfully to Rove She grew Incl'in'd,
 And thought her Self in Sacred Walls, Confin'd.

Abroad She came ; and, with her num'rous Train,
 Arriv'd at fair *Arcadia's* flow'ry Plain.
 Where, for Seraphick Flames, in Myrtle Bow'rs,
 She Sang of Nymphs and Shepherds fond Amours.

(The

(The Heav'nly Host All Pittying, from Above,
 Celestial Ardour chang'd to Past'ral Love!)
 Yet, to this humbler Province fall'n, her Skill,
 Tho' less Devout, was free from Lewdness still.
 Not Prostituted yet to Loose Desire,
 But Only harmless Passion did Inspire,
 And fann'd with gentle Airs Chast Hymen's Fire.
 To recreate some watchful Shepherd's Care,
 With Sonnets of his Kind but Absent Fair;
 And keep ill-treated Lovers from Despair.
 To teach the Melancholly Grove to Sing,
 And wake the sleeping Beauties of the Spring.

But when seduc'd from harmless Rural Sports,
 And brought in State to Palaces and Courts;
 There, like a Princess, honour'd and renown'd
 She thought (ah! flatter'd Pride) her Wishes Crown'd.
Arcadian Cells and Vot'ries she despiz'd,
 With Grandeur's dazzling Pageantry surpriz'd.
 Till, with a Courtier's Fortune, from Respect
 And Envy'd Pomp, Abandon'd to Neglect.

Reduc'd at last for wretched Hire to Serve,
 Or with her poor discarded Sons to Starve ;
 Compell'd, like *Sion's* Captives, to expose
 Their Melody to rude insulting Foes.
 To Prostitute the Musick of the Spheres,
 In Vilest Service, to Unhallow'd Ears !
 Mirth's Vassals, Bound, when-e'er she pleas'd to send,
 On All her wild Vagaries to Attend ;
 To Serenades, Masques, Banquets, Rev'ling Rage ;
 Buffoon'ry, Farce ; those Witch-Crafts of the Stage,
 And dire Diversions of a Graceless Age. }
 Nay---Ev'n Beneath Stage-Fooleries she fell,
 Minion to Fops that Write, and Cannot Spell.
 Her skilful Notes, that first-rate Wit require
Roscommon Energy and *Waller's* Fire,
 Press'd to serve Sparkish Nonsense, and Compose
 The thoughtless Madrigals of Lipping Beaus.

Sick with this wretched nauseous Drudg'ry grown,
 The gen'rous Dame in Spleen forsook the Town.

O could you now the penfive Matron view,
 Where only Cypress grows and baleful Yew :
 Hid, in the gloomy Valley of Despair
 The *Magdalen* lies with dishevell'd Hair,
 To the cold Earth her tender Bosom bare.
 The Ruines of a Sepulchre her Bed,
 A Skull the Pillow that supports her Head,
 Unbury'd Bones forlorn about her Spread.
 Rending with Penitential Sighs the Skies,
 Eccho'd by Ravens Knells and Screech-Owl Cries.
 By tripping Faeries Mock'd, and Antick Sprites
 (Tormenting Visions of her past Delights !)
 Who Dance, in Spiteful Sport, to Musick's Means,
 For still, tho' sad, Harmonious are her Groans !
 Hark how the Mournful Melody aspires !

*Pause here ; a Mournful Symphony play'd soft and
 faint, as at a Distance.*

These tuneful Sighs charm down th' Angelick Quires,
 Who, their Repenting *Magdalen* to Chear,
 Proud of the Charge, in Shining Throngs appear

Fair Mourner Rise (Tryumphant thus they say)
 Rise Mournful Fair ; bright Convert come Away.
 Forsake this Vale of Tears--- with Open Gates
 For thy Return thy Native Temple waits.
 Daughter of Heav'n Once more in Glory Shine,
 Again Appear, what Thou wer't Born, Divine.

She Comes--- the moving Tryumph I Survey !
 Before the Pomp Celestial Harpers Play ;
 And strew Etherial Roses in her Way.
 Now Listen Earth to her blest Hymns of Praise
 That bring Heav'n down to Thee, and Thee to Heav'n
 (will raise.

The First Anthem,

Compos'd by Dr. WILLIAM TURNER.

PSALM XIX.

1. **T**HE Heavens declare the Glory of
God, and the Firmament sheweth
his handy Work.

2. One Day telleth another, and one
Night certieth Another.

3. There is nether Speech nor Language
but their Voices are heard among them.

Chorus.

4. Their Sound is gone out into all Lands,
and their Words into the Ends of the World.

*Solo, for a
Bass.*

5. In them hath he set a Tabernacle for
the Sun who cometh forth as a Bridegroom
out of the Chamber, and rejoyceth as a Giant
to run his Course.

*Solo, for a
Counter-ten-
nor.*

6. It goeth forth from the Outermost Part
of the Heaven, and runneth about unto the
End of it again, and there is nothing hid
from the Heart thereof.

*Grand Cho-
rus.*

7. The Law of the Lord is an undefiled
Law converting the Soul; the Testimony of
the Lord is sure, And giveth Wisdom unto
the Single.

THE ORATION.

IT is, *Gentlemen*, the first and the most distinguishing Prerogative of our Nature, that we alone, of all the Sons of Earth, are taught our Dependance, and to own the Dominion of God that made us. And therefore I hope so Noble an Assembly, who have all Reason to pretend unto the best Compositions, will not be surprized at their being called to pursue this Original Design, and to act according to the Dignity of their Nature. To assist this best of Actions, and advance that first Design of all, is the End of this humble Performance; that so Divine a Gift, as Musick is, may no longer, like a Prodigal, wander from its true Parent, and become an Ornament to Trifles, but may recover its Station, and be received into the Protection of its Guardian Divinity. It was
this

The ORATION.

this Excellent Art which softned the Old World into Societies, and which first sweetned their Fierce and Barbarous Passions to receive the Blessing of Order ; and Mankind was so oversensible of the Benefit, that every Patron and Inventer of it enjoy'd a Fabulous Honour, and was stiled a Tutelary God. Nay in the true Antiquity, where Men are taught to keep their Bounds and give Honors short of Idolatry, we find the Inventers of the Harp and the Organ recorded in the same Catalogue with the Founders of Nations; and to employ these Sacred Instruments as they deserved, did the true God inspire the Chief of all the Jewish Monarchs ; who both composed, and performed, upon some Solemn Occasions, those Holy Hymns which are to this Day the best Guides of our Devotion. As for the Christian Worship, the first Observers of it could no better describe it, than by their Meeting Early to Sing certain Hymns, and since these have been brought out of Caves into Churches and Temples, we still find the greatest Encouragers of them have been the
Wiseſt.

The ORATION.

Wiseſt and moſt Heroick Perſons of all Ages. Their Enemies are only thoſe whoſe Schiſm hath long ſince ſour'd all the Benignity of their Nature; who have no Harmony in their Minds, and therefore hate it in their Ears.

The Ambition of the Author of this Meeting riſes no higher, than to beſpeak the Favour of the Company for this Sublime Art, and their Pardon for preſuming to recommend it. He knows all here are better Judges and Friends to it, than he knows how to be, and that 'tis beyond the reach of Man to give the Lord of all, his Praiſes due. 'Tis in this bold Undertaking enough for him, and thoſe who Honour him with their Skill, to attempt, and to make up in Deſire what they want in Ability. But the Muſick will beſt ſpeak for it ſelf, and if we join our Hearts to our Voices, they will perhaps afford us a faint Taſt and Antepaſt of more laſting Joys.

The

The Second Anthem,
Compos'd by Dr. JOHN BLOW.
PSALM XCVI.

- Chorus.* 1. **O** Sing unto the Lord a new Song, Sing unto the Lord all the whole Earth.
2. Sing unto the Lord, and Praise his Name; be telling of his Salvation from Day to Day. *Retornella.*
3. Declare his Honour to the Heathen, and his Wonders to all the People.
4. For the Lord is Great, and cannot worthily be praised; he is more to be feared than all Gods.
- Retorn.* 5. As for all the Gods of the Heathen they are but Idols: but it is the Lord that made the Heavens.
- Chorus.* 6. Glory and Worship are before him; Power and Honour are in his Sanctuary. *Hallelujah.*
- Solo.* 7. Ascribe unto the Lord, O ye Kindreds of the People, ascribe unto the Lord Worship and Power.
8. Ascribe unto the Lord the Honour due unto his Name; bring Presents, and Come into his Courts.

The Second Anthem.

Chor. 9. O Worship the Lord in the Beauty of his Holiness; Let the whole Earth stand in Awe of Him.

Solo. 10. Tell it out among the Heathen that the Lord is King; and that it is He who hath made the round World so fast that it cannot be moved. And how that he shall judge the People righteously.

Chor. 11. Let the Heavens Rejoyce, and let the Earth be glad; let the Sea make a Noise, and all that therein is.

12. Let the Field be joyful and all that is in it; then shall the Trees of the Wood rejoyce before the Lord.

Solo. 13. For he cometh, he cometh to judge the Earth, and with Righteousness to judge the World, and the People with his Truth.
Return.

Grand Chorus.

*O Worship the Lord in the Beauty of his Holiness, Let the whole Earth stand in awe of him.
Hallelujah.*

The Second

POEM,

Address'd to the

Right Reverend, and Right Honourable,

T H E

Lords Spiritual & Temporal,

And the Honourable

House of Commons.

Written by Mr. TATE, Poet-Laureat to His MAJESTY.

THE Queen of MUSICK, tho' Restor'd, of late,
To her Original and Royal State,
Approaching this Bright Prefence to salute,
Stands AW'd, and Struck, with dazling Wonder, Mute ::

C

He

Her Spirit faints, O'er powr'd with Joy, to see
 Assembled Here This Glorious Galaxy!
 The CONSTELLATION on whose Influence wait
 Distress'd EUROPIA's Fortune and her Fate.
 Th' Imperial Dame thinks no Disdain to Shew,
 But--*Britain's* PEERS and PATRIOTS 'tis to Your;
 Against th' Insults of Lawless GALLICK POW'R,
 Th' Infatiate Dragon that would ALL Devour.
 And lo, how soon; by your Kind' Aspects drawn
 From Dark Despair, to Hope's reviving Dawn,
 The World's Black Scene is chang'd--in threatn'd Pow'rs
 Fresh Courage Springs--the Threatning Dragon Cow'rs!

High on this Theme her Voice could Music raise
 And richly treat you with your Own just Praise;
 Illustrious Souls, Sublim'd, as Design'd,
 Of *Britain's* Fame the Antient Tracts to find,
 To Humble Tyrants, and Relieve Mankind.
 Permitted on this Glorious Theme to dwell,
 O how could' Harmony Her SELF Excel!
 While *Britain's* Ocean would your Names rebound,
 And restu'd EUROPE your Applause rebound.

From

From Your's, her Song could rise to WILLIAM's
 That singly fills the loudest Trump of Fame. [Name,
 The Prince who Toils to give the Nations Rest;
 And Only Great that Others may be Blest.
 Nor Born alone to Rescue, but REFORM,
 Of Desp'rate Vice the strongest Holds to Storm.
 With Sacred Courage fir'd, at once to make
 Earth's Tyrants shrink, and Hell's dark Empire shake.

Thus in Triumphant Numbers could she Sing
 The Daring Hero, and the Pious King;
 Till ~~to~~ Triumph, Earth and Skies Reply'd,
 And Nature Clapt her Wings with joyful Pride.

Or Nature's SELF, whose Self is Harmony,
 The Wond'rous Subject of our Song might be.
 How Infant Matter, Swath'd in Darkness, slept;
 And Formless Chaos into Order leapt.
 How jarring Elements were Reconcil'd,
 And New-born Light on its glad Parent smil'd.

How Earth o'er Water, rear'd her Wondring Head;
And Ocean tumbled to his Oozy Bed.

And Last-----

With Nature's **RURAL PRIDE** the Landskip fill,
The Shady Grotto, and the Sunny Hill;
The Laughing Meadow, and the Talking Rill.

Then, with sublimer Glories to Surprise,
To Upper Worlds the tow'ring Song might Rise;
Traverse the Stars, and, to your ravish'd Ears,
Bring down the Musick of the Rowling Spheres.

But Higher **YET** Our Harmony must Climb,
And Treat **SUCH-GUESTS** with Musick more *Sublime*,
Soar, above Nature, to Celestial Layes,
And Charm You with her Great **CREATOR's** Praise.
While Angels a Performance so Divine
Are Prou'd t'affist, and in the Confort Joyn.

O SACRED PRAISE! how shalt thou be defin'd?
Thou Noblest Task of an exalted Mind!

To Heav'n we come, like Mendicants, to Pray,
 Like Cheerful Homagers our Praise to Pay.
 On Want's poor Wings PETITION climbs the Skies,
 But Glorious PRAISE on Wings of RAPTURE flies.
 Pray'r, as for Alms, does at the Portal wait ;
 Where Praise approaches, like a Guest, in State.
 We seem, while *Mortal* Life We THUS Employ,
 T' O'er-leap the GULF of Death, and Seize *Immortal*
 [Joy.

The

The Third Anthem,

Compos'd by Dr. WILLIAM TURNER.

PSALM XXI.

1. **T**HE King shall rejoyce in thy Strength
O Lord; exceeding Glad shall he
be of thy Salvation.

Solo, for a 2. Thou hast given him his Heart's Desire,
Counter Tenor. and hast not deny'd him the Request of his
Lips.

Solo, for a 3. For thou shalt prevent him with the
Tenor. Blessings of thy Goodness, and set a Crown
of pure Gold upon his Head.

4. He asked Life of Thee, and thou gavest him a long Life; even for ever and ever.

Solo, for a 5. His Honour is great in thy Salvation;
Counter Tenor. Glory and great Worship shalt thou lay upon
Him.

6. For thou shalt give him everlasting Felicity, and make him glad with the Light of thy Countenance. 14

Solo, and 3 7. And why, because the King puteth his
Voices. Trust in the Lord; and in the Mercy of the
most Highest he shall not Miscarry.

Grand

